

# AGAPE

On Wednesday the world stopped  
and counted the Dead.  
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Vol. 1

no. 4

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strangest  
dream  
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before,  
I dreamed  
the world  
had all  
agreed  
To put an end  
to war.**

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# Magne Voce

by Barbara Newton

What the hell goes on the minds of the students at this school?

From September 30 - October 1 there was a minor happening staged in the Guadagni Lounge. Fine and dandy.

However, who do these people think they are kidding, with their superior attitudes of "don't talk to me unless you are part of my in crowd" act. The game was fun. There were a few people walking around with their long hair, the leather jackets, the elephant pants, and the granny glasses. Don't squirm. I too wear these clothes, but why the air of indignant precocity. We, whole are but children, and claim to be part of the now generation, a generation that is supposedly fighting to uproot the damnable superstructures that our forefathers have built around them to protect them from themselves, and their fate.

And what of my contemporaries: those whose creed is "make love not

war", and who want to live in this world without having to fear their fellow beings.

So what happens on this join day ego-trip. I meet Conceit in the manifestation of haughty indifference. I see those who seem to resemble Jesus Christ himself with long hair.

And they give, but to whom: to those who may be of benefit to them financially: to those who have pull in the business world, or to those people who they think will alleviate their "minds".

Come down from your high tower, my prince. We are in a special world here. There is a potential mystical union lurking in the living reality of this school. We stand and fall on what we are. Whatever happens to this world, is happening here. We are not opening ourselves to this world. We bottle up our ambitions in the world. We stand on empathy.

We do indeed strut around, full of our self-importance, full of the shining light of our own brilliance. Are we

*This column has been reserved exclusively for the expression of student opinion. Any person who feels he has a legitimate cause for complaint and can offer some constructive criticism is invited to present their grievances (type-written preferably) to Agape in the Loyola News Complex. This week, Barbara Newton examines the significance (or the lack of it) of the join days in the Guadagni Lounge.*

worse than senseless things, or can we really defend our own existence here.

Don't misinterpret my intention in writing this. There are some very good things going on at Loyola. Further, there are some extremely wonderful people to be found within the confines of this institution. But is it not the purpose of a place of "higher" learning to cultivate and nourish the seeds of individual growth and personality. And the responsibility of that task does not rest with the administration or the professors, for they are much too busy living their adult roles to want or need our world too, unless we also pull for our roles in that world.

Most of what hits me here is the pressure: pressure to maintain a student government, an organization that is functioning without any real purpose. It is indeed a government, and we the students are as far from that structure as we are from the men in Ottawa.

There is a word which became popular with the former Hippies of our society. It is... together. Woodstock was, I understand, a together thing. In accepted words, it means rapport and empathy towards a compassionate understanding of one another. Now Woodstock was a city of 400,000 people for three days, and we are a city of 7,000 people for stretches of about eight months.

Why can't our brilliance be channeled into creating a happening, even for one day? An event that would bring the freaks out of their holes, and the shy people out of their shells, and to release some of our frustrated ambitions and pent-up emotions on a non-profit, giving event. A day that, if only a day, would make us realize, in a body, that a lot of people do not necessarily mean formless chaos. There is still some good left for all of us, even if we must live in and for this world.

## THE DOUGLAS HOSPITAL

As I drove down the streets going to the Douglas, the thing that kept any different than the rest of society? "What I found at the Douglas was a complete surprise to me.

Patients are admitted to the Douglas Hospital much as they are to any general hospital. When the family physician or other medical practitioner decides that a patient would benefit from treatment in a mental hospital, he contacts the hospital to inquire if a bed is available and when the patient can be admitted.

At present, the Douglas Hospital admits persons resident in the province of Quebec whose mother tongue is not French. Some exceptions are made for French-speaking citizens who are not of the Roman Catholic faith. Other Quebec mental hospitals care mainly for French-speaking Roman Catholics.

Douglas Hospital has approximately 1,500 beds for adults and 230 for adolescents and children.

The legislation governing mental hospitals requires that two documents be completed and delivered to the Medical Superintendent before or at the time of admission.

The Medical Certificate has a time limit. It should be delivered to the hospital within 20 days after it has been completed by the physician recommending treatment.

The Summary Statement of the Patient's Property, is to be signed by a relative, guardian or friend familiar with the patient's affairs. When a patient is found to be incompetent to administer his property, the hospital sends a copy of the statement to the Public Curator of the Province of Quebec. The curator assumes jurisdiction over the belongings of the patient. Curatorship is maintained until the Patient's condition has improved to the point where he can resume management of his own affairs.

Most patients are able to understand the need for and to cooperate

with their treatment, and can be treated on an "open" or voluntary" basis. Such patients are free to leave the hospital when they wish.

When "closed" treatment is prescribed, the patient is not free to leave at will.

The treatment program includes a variety of techniques. Intensive short-term treatments may involve a combination of drugs, electro-shock therapy, individual or group psychotherapy, occupational therapy and social or recreational therapy. Intensive, longer-term programs include industrial therapy, reemployment training, group activities and re-motivation therapy.

Once the acute phase of the illness has been brought under control, all services of the hospital unite to absorb and to give the patient normal and healthy activities.

Throughout the hospital, the once traditional bars on the windows have long since disappeared. Most treatment units have their doors unlocked all day. Just as soon as they are well enough, patients enjoy the attractive Hospital grounds, as well as facilities like the Dalse Centre, snack bar and Auxiliary Corner Store, or they may swim or bowl at the Roberts Recreation Centre. Weekend visits at home are encouraged as early as possible.

All the efforts of nurses, doctors and other hospital staff cannot entirely compensate for the disruption of normal social relationships caused by hospitalization. The personal warmth and face-to-face contacts with people outside the hospital can make a significant contribution to the rehabilitation of the mentally ill.

Volunteers at Douglas Hospital today number in the hundreds. They come regularly and work directly with the patients. University and even high school students, some of them planning careers in the field of mental health, find volunteer work

very interesting.

Douglas Hospital Children's Services combine residential and education facilities in a group of seven modern buildings on the Champlain Blvd. side of the hospital property. These buildings provide smaller patient units with a more "homelike" atmosphere.

The residential units of the Children's Services have a bed capacity for 200 children and approximately 20 adolescents. Each unit contains several small dormitories, dining rooms and play areas as well as activity rooms in which the children's education and training are carried out.

Other buildings in the area contain diagnostic laboratories, clinical facilities, main kitchen, staff cafeteria, and a patients' gym.

A special psycho-educational program based on the most up to date teaching techniques for retarded and disturbed children has been developed at Douglas Hospital. This program has achieved remarkable results in developing the learning capacities of many children not able to attend normal schools.

The Hospital's genetics laboratory which studies the chromosomal abnormalities of retarded children is the most active in Eastern Canada. It works closely with the Genetics Department of McGill University.

There are also special training program for older severely retarded children and a comprehensive program for emotional disturbed adolescents and another for the psychotic.

Patients with no families or close friends have the most difficult time re-establishing themselves after treatment in the hospital. Finding a place to live and a job are major problems. The social workers in charge of External Services Family Care program are constantly looking for more family care

homes where patients can live temporarily while moving towards complete independence.

On behalf of its Industrial Therapy Department where patients are re-trained for work in industry, Douglas Hospital is an active member of the Quebec Association of Sheltered Workshops formed to coordinate the activities of some 27 different organizations providing work for the handicapped.

The association works with organizations and with representatives of management and labour to improve standards of operation, to obtain industrial contracts and generally raise the levels of employment of the disabled for the benefit of themselves and of the Community.

You are probably wondering why I have written all of this on the Douglas Hospital, and why I have written it in such a dry and unexciting way.

I went to Verdun to write an article about insanity-- screams in the night, strange sounds, and the usual attributes reputed of insanity hospitals. What I found was love and tenderness and understanding. The staff does not consider the patients "nuts" or "idiots". They truly care for them and believe in them. I could not and will not write a damaging article on their behalf. I can only report the facts as I see them.

Insanity is not having a functioning reality. The mentally-ill have created worlds of their own to live in. The Douglas Hospital tries to make them accept our world and to be a part of it.

One last little word. The thing that amazed me the most was that the ratio of mentally ill in the hospital was 2 1/2 of the mentally ill still working and living in society.

**Judy Kovacs**



# We the charlychaplinmen....

If someone were to ask me now I'd probably say this is really going to be a dynamite show. But only (now).

"Charlychaplinmen" is a way of life for those of us that spend lives "spreadeagled on the lawn of life" (c. Ferlinghetti)

"Charlychaplinmen" are the **post war babies** who for the first time (it's a precedent) in the history of the (other) men are screwing up the works.

Jesus Christ, when he was around was a nice guy, the prototype "charlychaplinman". Dig. What he was doing was his own trip. Miracles. Long hair. Long robes. Long talks. Bummers. Peter getting power tripped, totally smacked on the gospel according to J.C. Judas. The Crucifixion. The dying thing, the resurrection.

Frank Zappa, around (now) is a nice guy, culmination of "charlychaplinman". Dig. What he is doing is his own trip. Miracles. Long hair. Dirty clothes. Long talks (best when expounding). Bummers. Getting totally smacked on the gospel according to F.Z. and the Mothers of Invention. Castigation. The hassle thing. The reprieve.

Straightening out now, with some facts.

"Charlychaplinmen": the first generation to be brought up with this thing called the Bomb (Hiroshima, Nagasaki) and the possible third world war either in or around our heads. For some it is dormant. Dead. For others a way of life. Now.

"Charlychaplinmen": again, brought up on the TV. A big first. Twenty years or more pruned and groomed on garbage ads and crap shows, that make us over the years (generally) the paranoid/hebephrenic/catatonic schizoids and/or pathological misfits that our "Just" society so desperately needs.

"Charlychaplinmen": Supposedly Christian. Dig. When the Church has lost its sting (stigma?). The corrupted Church-politics-business trinity no longer monopolizes our lives. In fact, gone forever. The Roman Catholic Church does not run our world and our selves like it used to in the good old days. The sanction of the Vatican is irrelevant (now) re. the pill, birth control. The young blood clerics tell their bishops what they want, the bishops their cardinals, the cardinals their pope. The pope not knowing what to do sits around until the Holy Ghost and God tell him what to do. Waits around for about half a year and then gives an encyclical. But no one bothers anymore.

"Charlychaplinmen": brought up in the whirlpool of technological progression. The material temporal world that we live in is very 21st century. But our ethos-behavioral sciences world is by comparison very primitive. Man in the image of god can't keep up with the plastic world he has built up around himself.

Gaucherie.

Result. Screwed.

So. What happens.

Just a theory. Rather arbitrary.

That we (the charlychaplinmen) live lives. Most of the others (pre-post-war-babies) live in or around what they think is a life. More of an I-thou proposition than either-or.

So what's happening here is this.

Because we are the "charlychaplinmen" raised on the bomb, a diet of TV, the weakening of the Church's power, and steady technological change, we live lives with a **sense of urgency**.

Fast. Very fast. We can't live slowly.

We are the young, the fathers of the next generation, seeking to know. Looking for answers. So we confront the "others" (parents, teachers and things like that) with the question. Just any question. And we want an answer. The truth. Straight. From a real authority.

We the "charlychaplinmen" want knowledge, truth, happiness, love. So we search. We ask. What do we get (now) for an answer. A lot of crap. And its not even real crap.

Because the parents and teachers et al who proceeded us weren't looking for what we're looking for. Result. The hassle. A brick wall, stretching endlessly over the horizons, east, west.

What is on the other side of that wall?

Too many morally compromised, smug, self-satisfied, selfish people. Totally sold out. The easy way out for them, of the confrontations that they chose to sidestep rather than confront.

Telling us why to do or not to do what we think we should or shouldn't (now).

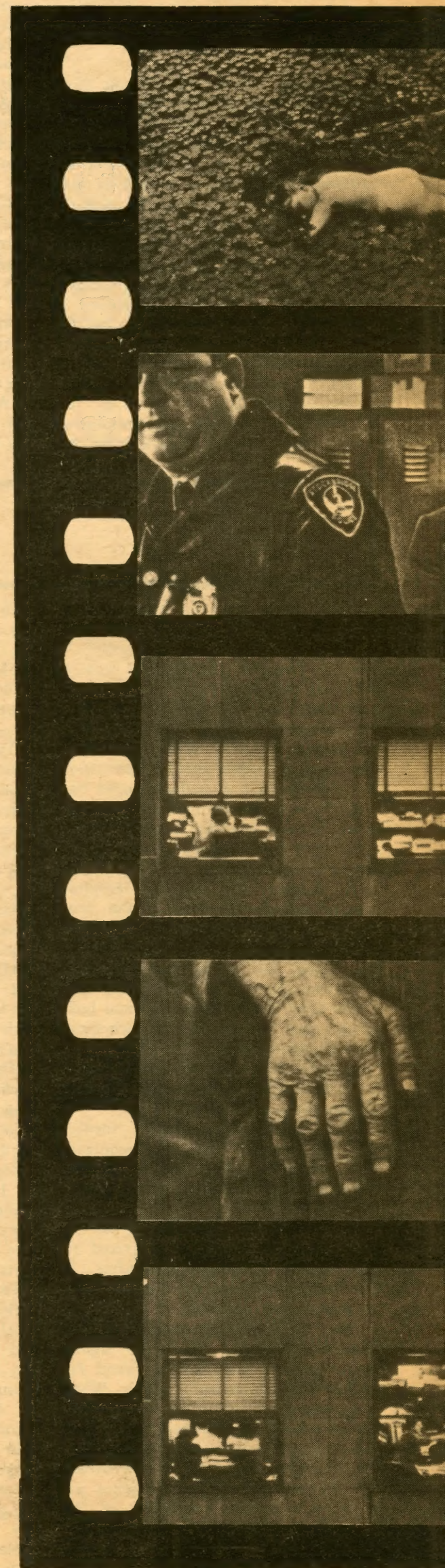
I mean. You can be left or right wing, Marxist, Communist, Fascist, etc., to them it doesn't matter. Because we are fighting the same battle. Uphill. Against the barrage of compromised ethics, values, narrow-mindedness that the others have used to build the brick wall which we are up against.

Shape without form, shade  
without colour,  
Paralysed force, gesture  
without motion:  
— T.S. Eliot

What is operational in their lives is fear.

When they were born, the potential of a full life was there. From the cradle through grade school they were completely indoctrinated. Somewhere in high school or college or at work they had a realization of this indoctrination. They compromised by figuring that the indoctrination was the only way, which left them no alternative. They became impervious, apathetic, looking forward only to the eventuality of death.

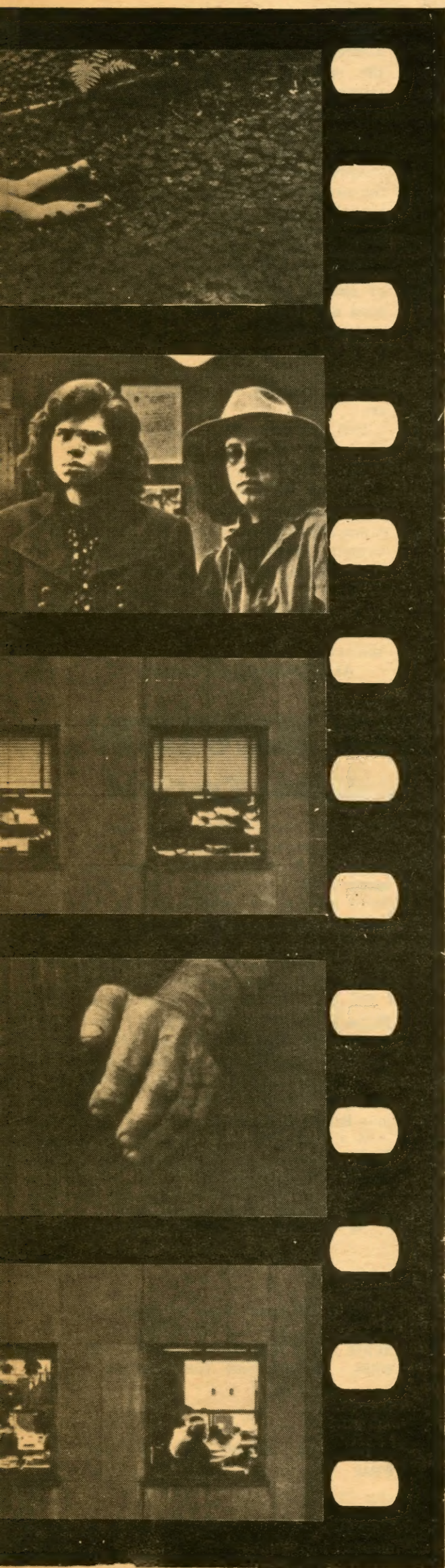
Their will was formed by the system to comply, they completed its formation by accepting indoctrination under the auspices of an





# ..... for charly

by sebastian



institution. Before they knew it, they we're totally absorbed. The will was gone. The epitome of the "number in the system" thing.

If the pleasure of experiencing what life offers is not there, and the will is only a theoretical term with no practical value, then life is hopeless. Being is impossible. Death. Nothingness.

What is operational in the lives of us (the charlychaplinmen) is love and hope.

We want self-righteousness, self-knowledge so we can think for ourselves. Our purpose is our self-fulfillment, to learn from life what life has to teach us. Through love, honest work, integrity, honesty, self-awareness, knowledge, art we can achieve our potential. It is an appreciation of life, that we want.

Only through the releasing on inhibitions, valuing affection, freedom of consciousness, individual will, can we live lives untrammelled by compromise.

We have been accused of being idealists, when we have opted for life, and self-interest rather than death and servile obedience to the false gods of the institutions.

We have been accused of dishonouration, when it for the others that dishonouration of self is a way of life.

We have been accused of being enemies to the system by people who are enemies to themselves.

And if the accusers that can't be changed. We have the dilemma. To fight the brick wall or not to fight. To be or not to be.

So what do we do?

This is where the "charlychaplinman" syndrome comes in.

Let us say we choose not to fight, at least, for a while.

What to do? You ask yourself.

Act dramatically. Play pretend. Put yourself in a role, other than what you really are and become a caricature of yourself. For a while anyway. Unfortunately, if you're not careful, you become a caricature of a caricature of yourself.

What was once serious, tentatively becomes comic. Pretend that as you are avoiding the confrontation, you are only (tentatively) humoring your self. Opt out. Play games. Pretend the wall isn't there.

A fantasy. Like Tolkien and Eriador, Lewis and Narnia, Alice in Wonderland. Escape. There are millions of ways.

Until. You can come around. That is. And fuck the pretending thing.

That's not the way life goes though.

So you're into the caricature thing. You think you have things defined. White is the real me and black is the pretending me. As time wears on, things get a little greyer. Then more. And more. Eventually you become more black than white. Then all black.

Black is the colour of the dead ones.

In your attempt to temporarily avoid the confrontation, the point when you decide against the "others" for your self-interest, you have made your life a comedy. And now this comic life is your real life.

This is the culmination of the "charlychaplinman" syndrome.

So the institutions of the sell-outs and morally compromised is complemented by a "charlychaplinman" that goes too far. Sells out without knowing it, by giving into himself and pretending when he should have fought and confronted.

Like he really sells out.

Shakespeare wasn't kidding. Chaplin wasn't kidding. So don't kid yourself.

Life is such a transient thing. There is so much to learn touch, see, feel, love. Don't throw it all away. For nothing.

You have to go through this wall. And you can't do that by pretending it's not there. Fight it.

Be you.

Because. Here's the way that the pre-post-war-uncharlychaplin generation is (now).

People that live a life (the others) live in a watery plenum. They have sold out in favour of the security of their groove. A life of pseudo-happiness, quasi-realism in servile emulation of what life "ought to be" like.

They have lost the will to act.  
Psychologically paralysed.

Their world becomes a pseudo-environmental fantasy. What is important to them is coca-cola, booze, beer, getting laid, money, car, house, best-sellers, Peanuts, TV, sleep etc.

They stand for the dissolution of their individualism, of their values, of their mores. Disinterest in the "Becoming" of the world. Disintegration in life.

So the watery plenum is dehydrating more and more. Then.

Nothing. The end. Like fish cast up on the shore breathing the meaningless air.

They see what they want to see. Pretend they are happy. Pretend that their children are happy. Blind people, running the world, and unknowingly trying to ruin our lives.

Dead. People.

They don't see the potential of love over fear; happiness over sorrow; giving over taking; ambition over atrophy; participation over apathy; life over death.

Instead.

They choose to shy away from the potential beauty of a fulfilled life. They choose to accept as real all that is grotesque, insipid, dead.

For the "charlychaplinmen" life is in the living.

For them it is not.

That's why we're the charlychaplinmen. I guess.

We're the Frankie Lees, their the Judas Priests, and we're not all the best of friends





## Charlebois

by Eileen Shae

Robert Charlebois... WOW!! Tonight he got up on that stage and let himself happen: "La Fin Tragique de Superschipelargo" at La Comédie Canadienne is a superb penache of parody, wit, humor, and seriousness with the brilliant French Canadian singer and his girlfriend, Mouffe, making up the entire cast.

The play itself has a simple plot: a super hero of enormous size makes a habit of crushing the little people out of love and pity and thus saving them from a life he does not believe in. With his magic cape he shrinks himself to their size and then is forever doomed to remain this way when the only girl he saved steals the cape.

And Charlebois manages to get himself across in a fantasy that lets the audience get a closer look at the real man who can never again be called a mere rock singer. As he explained after the show, perhaps that is why the show itself was not a hit: people were rather disillusioned to discover that their super hero, Charlebois, was very ordinary.

"La vie m'a passée comme une sputnik:

Tu m'as renversée comme un Buick" wails Mouffe, who is now less stiff on the stage although not an extremely good performer. But sing or scream

she did and provided a few humorous lines as well.

Unfortunately, Charlebois has often been branded as a fool, but the truth is he is an absolute genius who has his hand on the pulse of life in Quebec today. His songs are more than clever. They are a vibrant, colorful, and different expression of a French Canadian, and this is his message: I am a French Canadian. He is unfolding a whole new culture, and this is most significant when the preservation of French Canadian culture seems so important and maybe so hopeless. It takes Charlebois to look at the situation with a little humour and his ultimate opinions -- mainly, himself.

Charlebois's sense of humor is poignant to anyone with knowledge of current Quebecois vernacular. With an occasional mockery of a people for whom he sings, he manages to become the James Joyce of music: actually, his personality transcends language, and he becomes anyone's favorite soothsayer. His phrases are not cute. They border on the ridiculous -- the better to listen to, my dear. You don't have to be French to enjoy Charlebois. As a matter of fact, half the audience consisted of women resembling British charwomen who had (incidentally) been poured into their pantsuits and forgot to yell "when". Obviously, they enjoyed the spectacle as much as I did.

## En Cinquieme Vitesse

Tinto Brass' EN CINQUIEME

VITESSE is a fast-moving thriller set in London England. It follows the comic strip adventures of Bernard (Jean-Louis Trintignant) who, upon meeting a terrified seventeen year old Lolita, Jane Barrows (Eva Aulin), finds himself involved with corpses, kidnappers, and sex.

In the beginning Bernard relishes every moment in his Tarzan/Batman role of physically triumphing over the forces of evil while engaging in idyllic romantic interludes with the damsel in distress. Gradually, however, a growing uneasiness takes over and events become all too real and terrifying.

Brass employs the Godard technique of inserting ads, comic strip stills, and personality posters to complement the action. Only here they cleverly serve two purposes--to show how the mass media is influencing Bernard and Jane's feelings and behaviour, and to provide clues to the mystery murderer's identity. A man is murdered in his bath under a poster advertising Peter Brooks MARAT/SADE. A young girl sheds tears in a quarrel with her lover while on her bedroom wall a comic strip still points out the probability of counterfeit emotions. A couple make love under a sign proclaiming sex without love. A man is brutally tortured in a First Aid Station. All these incidents are photographed in a multiple

screen A PLACE TO STAND style: thus stress is given to the schizophrenic qualities of the characters.

Antonioni is parodied. Jane's brother Kemp bears a startling resemblance to David Hemmings in BLOW UP. And as Jane and Bernard roll together in the paper decor of a photo studio a voice off-screen pays homage to he who inspired the sequence. A banal gag surely, yet as in other instances, an effective way of teasing the audience, alienating them, and making them think: "It's only a film but..."

In another sequence they chase Bernard through the streets. To amused spectators they seem like a bunch of children playing games. For Bernard death could be the outcome. No matter. Its only Trintignant acting as if he were someone called Bernard who sees himself as if he were a valiant defender of Justice and Innocence.

Evil, however, is not just a question of sadistic criminals. It is far more enticing than that. I think Brass is comparing the evil build into the media of modern society as an alluring mannequin pretending to be alive, a vampire feeding on its victims needs and desires, creating more vampires in turn. In any case the climax, as well as being a neat twist ending, rivals the American film pretty poison as a sociological statement.

AT CINEMA BONAVENTURE

## THE TWO BIT REVIEW

### The Leacock-Pennebaker Festival

Alumni Auditorium, Hall Building, Maisonneuve and Bishop Street

Friday 8:30 p.m. R. Leacock Lecture with the movie Primary, concerning the Kennedy-Humphrey Wisconsin Presidential Race of 1960

Saturday 7:00 p.m. The films "Cheyenne Schatz" and "David" David is the story of the rehabilitation of a young drug addict who is a patient at the controversial Synanon House. At 9:00 that same evening "The Chair" will be shown. This concerns the five days prior to the scheduled execution of Paul Crump, a convicted murderer, and a desperate attempt by Louis Nizer and local lawyers to save his life. Along with "The Chair..

### Loyola Comm. Arts Dept.

Oct. 22, 8.30 p.m. F.C. Smith Aud. THE GENERAL 1926 USA by Buster Keaton.

Some claim Keaton an even greater comic than Chaplin. This feature-length comedy has never been surpassed. Plus comic shorts.

### Museum Fine Arts

Museum Fine Arts, Oct. 23 Lecture Hall 8.00 p.m.

LE CABINET DES FIGURES DE CIRE Paul Leni Germany, 1924.

Oct. 22, 8:00 p.m. Charlie Chaplin in GYPSY LOVE, ROLLER SKATER WAY OF LIFE.

one of the most dramatic and theatrical documentaries of the early Leacock and Pennebaker films, Peter and Johnny, will be shown. This film treats a long hot summer in Harlem during the period of the fighting gangs, and the efforts of Piri Thomas to keep a local gang leader from throwing away his life in street warfare.

Sunday 7:00 Breaking it up at the Museum. Pennebakers "Don't Look Back" will then be shown. This is the film documentary of Bob Dylan on a concert tour in England with his manager Albert Grossman, friend Joan Baez, and Donovan.

At 3:30 on Monday, "is "Monterey Pop": filmed at the Monterey International Pop Festival in 1967.

### Verdi Cinema

Oct. 18-19.

Alfred Hitchcock Zoon-in, concentrating on the five last Hitchcock films. NORTH BY NORTHEAST, PSYCHO, THE BIRDS, MARNIE and TORN CURTAIN.

Oct. 20

2 ou 3 CHOSES QUE JE SAIS D'ELLE by Jean Luc Godard

Oct. 21

MADE IN U.S.A. by Jean Luc Godard

Oct. 23

MR. FREEDOM by William Klein

Oct. 25 on

CALCUTTA by Luis Malle.



## Reviews:

### M.S.O. Gala Concert

This series continued Wednesday with Alceo Galliera as conductor and Vladimir Spivakov as violin soloist.

The program began with Schumann's "Manfred" overture which was well executed by the orchestra.

It continued with Haydn's concerto for violin No. 1 and Bartok's Rhapsody No. 1 for violin and orchestra featuring the guest soloist, Vladimir Spivakov, the winner of the International Violin Competition held in Montreal 1st year. The two pieces he chose for his debut were extremely difficult. He performed them with great feeling even though at times he seemed to have waded in way above his head. Nonetheless, his performance was enthusiastically received by both the audience and members of the M.S.O.

The evening terminated with Franck's Symphony in D minor, an extremely intricate work which is taking on any orchestra. Under the baton of Galliera, one of Zubin Mehta's professors, the M.S.O. performed the piece with no difficulty.

The concert was enjoyable not only because of the performance of the musicians but also because of the contrast between the works played.

### Pro Musica Series

The Pro Musica Society of Montreal began its concert series on an auspicious note last Sunday with the Beaux Arts Trio from New York.

Music written for violin, cello, and piano is much more difficult for the musicians than music written for orchestras as a whole, in that their co-ordination and co-operation must not falter.

Complicating matters for the Beaux Arts Trio was the fact that they recently witnessed a change in their personnel for the first time in the twelve years of their existence.

In spite of this they played well, not withstanding certain minor and understandable lapses, throughout their program of Beethoven, Shostakovich, and Dvorak.

### C.C.A. Great Artists Series

This series continued last Monday night with an unaccompanied performance by the gifted Romanian pianist, Valentin Gheorghiu.

Mr. Gheorghiu delightfully demonstrated a self-confidence not usually found in solo pianists. Most pianists, in planning an unaccompanied concert, attempt technically difficult programs so as to prove their ability. Even though such pieces might be pleasing, if well-performed to musically knowledgeable audiences, they generally cannot be regarded as aesthetically pleasing.

Mr. Gheorghiu's performance was pleasing from both points of view. He played relatively familiar pieces such as Beethoven's "Pathétique" Sonata and Schumann's "Scenes From Childhood" along with technically difficult pieces such as Liszt's Sonata in B minor and Prokofiev's Sonata No. 3.

The only disquieting aspect of the concert was the poor attendance. The Salle Wilfrid Pelletier was only about two-thirds full. It must be very disturbing for any performer to play before a small audience. Considering the reasonable price of tickets for this series (\$1 / each for students), the meagre attendance is incomprehensible.



Recording and television star, Johnny Cash, a living legend in the folk and country market and now one of North America's leading entertainers, will headline at the Montreal Forum on Thursday, October 23, for the Johnny Cash Show. Grand Ole Opry stars June Carter, Carl Perkins, The Statler Brothers and the world famous Carter Family will complete the bill in what promises to be the most exciting family entertainment spectacular ever to be presented in Montreal.

There will be an Arlo Guthrie Concert at Place des Arts November 8 at 8:30. Tickets are on sale from logos for \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00, and \$4.50.

Sam Gesser Enterprises will be presenting a Janis Joplin Concert scheduled at the Forum on November 4th.

The James Cotton Blues Band will also be appearing.

There will be a Poetry Contest held by Agape. Submit all poetry to our offices. The best poetry of the month will be published.

Photographs of Montreal required by AGAPE for a special feature on Art. Send photographs in to the AGAPE offices.

Julia Drummond Residence for girls, 1208 St. Mark Street, Downtown Montreal. Single rooms: \$18.50 to \$20.00 a week. Meals and other facilities included.

**La Fin Tragique de Superchapelargo** with: Robert Charlebois and Mouffe

Comedie Canadienne until October 23  
Tickets: \$2 to \$4 weekdays and Sundays: \$3 to \$5 Saturdays.

Charlebois does his thing on stage. You don't have to understand French to appreciate him.

**Lysistrata**

Théâtre du Nouveau Monde  
Théâtre Maisonneuve, PdA, until November 9.

In French, the story of how some women demonstrated to their men that they couldn't have their cake and eat it too, i.e. make love and war at the same time.

This space has been intentionally set aside to briefly comment on **Moratorium Day**, October 15th, 1969. A great multitude of people were involved directly, everybody was influenced subtly. From the black arm bands fashioned by America's Viet Nam platoons to the demonstrations in East Bay, California, to the march on the American Consulate in Montreal, a world of concerned individuals gathered to peacefully speak out on the great modern tragedy and probably the greatest scar in American foreign policy. One can only be appalled at the horror of such a conscious mistake and the words of Rollo May constantly re-enter our minds: It is "the war nobody wanted, fought on a terrain on which people thought no war could be fought, for purposes of which even the people in Washington failed to be in continuous agreement."

Meanwhile in Nam  
the soldiers sit  
wait  
watch  
die.

"Brother, this is not the way we put an end to war."

## Previews :

**McGill - C.B.C. Concert**  
Tonight, Oct. 17, 8:30  
Redpath Hall, McGill  
Tickets are Free

Two internationally acclaimed artists, Lorand Fenyés, violonist and Anton Kuerti, pianist, will perform in a concert co-sponsored by the C.B.C. Celebrity Series and the Faculty of Music, McGill University.

The program will consist of a Sonata in E, J.S. Bach, sonata No. 2 in D minor, opus 121, Shumann: Sonata No. 8 in G, opus 30, No. 3 Beethoven: Sonata, Ravel.

**MSO Grand Concert**  
Salle Wilfrid Pelletier, PdA  
October 21, 22, tickets \$1.50 each  
1 hour before concert each night.

Guest Soloist: Bruno Leonardo Gelber, pianist.

Conductor: Franz-Paul Decker

The first work on the program will be concerto for 3 violins in F Major by Vivaldi featuring three regular members of the MSO Harvey Seigal, Namilco Omezo and Gerald Sergeant. This promises to be an intriguing performance.

Next will be **Music for strings, percussion and celesta** by Bartok.

The final work featured will be **Concerto No. 1, Opus 15**, by Brahms, featuring the solo pianist Bruno Leonardo Gelber. The piece was completed in 1856 when Brahms was 23, and thus reflects the turmoil and passion of youth.

Mr. Gelber is a native of Argentina and a resident of Paris. He has performed extensively and has drawn world-wide acclaim for his artistic ability.

**Les Feux-Follets**  
Salle Wilfrid Pelletier, PdA  
October 24, 25 at 8:15 p.m., October 26, at 2:30 and 8:15 p.m.  
Tickets: Phone 842-2112 or 878-1184.

**"Little Malcolm and his Struggle Against the Eunuchs"**

Saidye Bronfman Centre  
5170 Cote St. Catherine Rd.

The Saidye Bronfman Centre has become known to present enjoyable and thought-provoking plays. For more info, phone 737-6551 local 11.



**WALL**

Here is our wall, the one  
That stands by the orchard  
Where I had a swing as a child.  
Our wall, good trusty wall,  
The one we whispered through,  
The one we whispered secrets into,  
The one whose stones we kissed  
Instead of each other's stone-cold lips.  
Our lips are sealed now,  
Our bodies, so young in passion then,  
Are stone and cold clay.  
And here is our wall, standing, still,  
For other lovers of another day.

ARWEN

BEDNARZYK '69